


The Red Man and Helper.

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THE RED MAN.


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FRIDAY, APRIL 12, 1901.

Consolidated Red Man and Helper.
Vol. I, Number Thirty-seven.

SPRING'S VOLUNTEERS.

 SPRING'S volunteers are forming;
Scouts clad in black or blue
Are fitting through the valley
Which proves the tale is true.

Quite early in the morning
You'll hear their reveille.
And countersign and challenge
Throughout the livelong day.

And some will wear the khaki;
Some red or black or yellow.
Their uniform is varied
And "oft proclaims the fellow"
But ALL wear plumes of some sort
With chevron, spurs and stripes;
While their music has been likened
To Pan's melodious pipes.

They lit from bough to tree-top.
They skim o'er field and crest
In search of loot and forage
Or place to pitch a nest.

Ah, bunkies rare and gallant
Are found within their ranks.
Their work for our protection
Deserves at least our thanks.
So grant them care and welcome.
BEYOND THE MEED OF WORDS,
Be comrades, lads and lassies
With the army of the birds.

CARLISLE, PA.

"C. F. C."

"THE SOFT HEARTED SIOUX"— MORALLY BAD.

The following from *The Word Carrier*, takes a view of the story—"The Soft Hearted Sioux"—that many who know the author—Zitkalasa, and the exceptional advantages she has been pleased to seek for herself and enjoy among cultivated people, will feel inclined to accept. All that Zitkalasa has in the way of literary ability and culture she owes to the good people, who, from time to time, have taken her into their homes and hearts and given her aid. Yet not a word of gratitude or allusion to such kindness on the part of her friends has ever escaped her in any line of anything she has written for the public. By this course she injures herself and harms the educational work in progress for the race from which she sprang. In a list of educated Indians we have in mind, some of whom have reached higher altitudes in literary and professional lines than Zitkalasa, we know of no other case of such pronounced morbidity.

The *Word Carrier* gives this resume with comments:

Zitkalasa has come to the surface again in an article with this heading in *Harp-er's Magazine*. The hero, whose autobiography is here given, is the hopeful son of a noted Sioux warrior, who is in a fair way to grow up to honors that may rival his father's. But unfortunately he is, in some mysterious way, switched off from a noble life and the ancestral ideas, and for nine years is under the deteriorating influences of the mission school, from which he finally emerges with a Bible under his arm, a disciple of the soft hearted Christ.

Arriving at the camp of his people he searches out the house of his father to find his beloved grandmother dead and his father fatally sick and in the hands of the conjuring medicine man. In righteous indignation he drives the medicine man forth and makes him his enemy. He attempts to preach to his people but the conjurer taunts him as a soft hearted fool, who lets his father starve because he

dare not kill, and in a foreigner's dress is a traitor to his people. So the camp breaks up and moves far away leaving the one family of the dying man with the soft hearted son.

Want stares them in the face. There is no meat in the tent and the starving, dying man gnaws his old buffalo robe to stay his hunger-pangs. The disciple of the soft hearted Christ now rushes out regardless of his new principles, speeds on snow shoes to a near-by white man's herd, picks out the fattest one and slashes off choice chunks of beef to carry home. Returning over the snowy hills he is overtaken by the wrathful owner, and there is an unfortunate mix-up of prairie, moon, and stars, one uppermost and then the other. When earth and sky assume their normal relations, there is a dead man on the snow and a bloody knife in the hand of the living one. But alas the aged warrior enjoys not that juicy beef. He lies dead in the teepee. The soft hearted fool now sends his mother to the camp of the medicine man and delivers himself up to the hangman, he wonders where death will land him; and the story ends in a kaleidoscopic mix of heaven and hell, his warrior father and the loving Jesus, saints and out-casts. But whether one or the other it matters not. His heart is strong, his face is calm. He soon will know, and will be satisfied either way.

The animus of the story is to praise the pagan savage and ridicule Christian civilization. The noblest Roman of them all is the tall strong medicine man with the serpent eyes. The uncivilized wild, unprofaned by white man's tread, is the untainted ground. Plenty and happiness belong to the old Indian ways. Want and suffering come with the new ways.

The presentation of the Christianity is a travesty. The God of the Christian is but "an abstract power" that makes no appeal to the human heart. The commandment, Thou shalt not kill, is perverted to deny the right to take animal life for food. In truth the "soft heart" produced by the new faith is a very namby pamby affair. The young preacher stands fingering the leaves of his bible before he enters the door of his father's tent whom he has not seen for nine years. From summer days to midwinter the "soft hearted" do-nothing spends his time upon his knees at his father's bedside praying and reading the white man's bible to him. Then drawn forth by hunger he stands at the teepee door to wonder at the problem of the universe while his father starves within.

The story is written in an easy, engaging style, and has a certain dramatic power, but is morally bad.

FROM CHINA.

The letters that come to us from our Soldier boy, Arthur Bonnicastle, over in China, are always interesting. Mrs. Cook has one now, and kindly allows us to take a few extracts:

"We are having very cold weather just now. There isn't much snow, but sand storms are plenty. We are living in tents with small stoves in them. They are very comfortable indeed.

Soldier life I think is a good life; it makes one grow tough and used to common food. We are living on good food now and fattening up for the Philippines. I understand that we are to leave China by April. Two companies of Infantry will be left for Legation Guard, two guns and twenty men from the 5th artillery and two troops

of cavalry. I heard the other day that Companies A. and E. of the 9th Infantry were to stay. If this is true, I shall remain here, as I am in Co. E.

Our Captain (Capt. F. H. Schoffel) has just arrived from the States looking good and brave as usual. He went home right after the battle of Teinsin. Our battalion commander is also in the States. He was shot three times in the leg.

We reached Pekin with but few officers, but they are beginning to arrive, one by one. I like our new Colonel very much. He is a very good disciplinarian. He is Col. Robe.

I guess some of the boys at Carlisle think that Mr. Thompson is a hard disciplinarian, but I think he is easy. They ought to try the army for a while. The life at the Carlisle Indian School is very easy when compared with army life. I am glad to say that I have not been tried by court martial since I have been in the army. I guess it is because I read the rules and regulations as laid down in the army hand-book, and I govern myself according to them, while some do not care about reading them. Although some of the soldiers are very smart there are others who cannot even read or write their own names.

I wish some more of the boys would enlist in the army and learn something. Whenever they get out to do for themselves, they will learn that it is very hard to earn a living. I have found it so.

I haven't said anything about our flag in China. Our flag is the favorite flag of all. The Chinese are very fond of it. The American flag is seen in all parts of Pekin and is carried in and out of Pekin to different sections of the country. Even the camel trains are protected by our flag. Wherever a camel is seen, on his humps is the flag and the coolie leading the camel has a flag in his hand. Every street corner bears our flag and the baskets of the coolies are decorated with them, and the theatres, also.

The Chinese celebrated their new year on the 18th, 19th and 20th of February with fireworks and bonfires. They kept everybody awake the whole three nights. I heard that they celebrated the 2701st year. I could not get out to see the parades and the decorations New Years.

Every Chinaman and woman changed clothes and took a good wash and went about paying debts and collecting debts.

After the paying and collection of their debts they change clothes and burn their old clothes and clean their houses and yards, and now they have to sleep on the floor for two months, and any one of them that cannot pay his or her debts is supposed to commit suicide, and I guess many could not pay up for they are having funerals right along.

I understand that the Chinese wash only once a year.

We have a Chinaman in the hospital. He was shot by a sentinel in the city on the 9th of January. He entertains us in the evenings by singing some of his funny songs, and he is learning English very fast.

Our Doctor is a good man and has been in China for many years. He speaks Chinese with ease and tells everything a Chinaman says.

Well, I think I shall close my letter for this time. I am very glad to hear from some of my classmates, but I guess they have forgotten me.

Your friend,

ARTHUR BONNICASTLE,
Co. E. 9th, U. S. Inf.

ARE YOU LONESOME?

Young People's Weekly gives this story of a boy who never had time to get lonely, and it will do ANYone good to read it:

The busiest people of the world are not the unhappiest.

Some may come into the most active life, but the spirit of industry is a balm, even for trouble.

May a boy or girl away from home might, with advantage, copy the example of the youth mentioned in the following sketch from life:

To the great city came Ned from his home in a remote village.

There he knew every man, woman, child, horse, and dog.

In the city, he knew only one or two persons outside his place of business.

Calling on one of these one evening, she said to him:

"I have been worrying about you, fearing that in this wilderness of a city you must be homesick. Haven't you been?"

"No," said Ned, "I haven't had time to be homesick. All day I am busy with my work, and at night I am studying so as to become an expert electrician before I begin on my course of medical study, and I really haven't had time to be homesick."

"What do you do with yourself on Sundays?" inquired his friend.

"In the morning, I go to church, in the afternoon, I go to the Young Men's Christian Association, and at night I go to church again. I always write home on Sundays, and that takes up the time that I might have to be lonesome in."

"That young man will succeed," said the lady, when speaking of him to a friend; "he carries his atmosphere with him, so he doesn't get out of breath."

IT CURED HIM.

"I don't believe all I hear about the unwholesomeness of cigarettes," said a young man who was addicted to the cigarette habit. "I acknowledge they are nasty things to smoke, and very offensive to some people, without doubt, but I'll not be abused into reforming, and I'll not 'swear off.'"

"It always seems to me," he went on—we clip the incident from *The Youth's Companion*—"that a fellow can't trust himself if he has to quit anything by swearing off. If anybody will show me some good reason why I should be ashamed to smoke cigarettes, I'll quit for good and without taking a vow."

"Do you mean that?" asked the friend to whom he was speaking.

"I do."

"Then come with me."

The two young men went out on the street, stationed themselves at a prominent corner, and waited.

Presently a little Italian boy came along. He had a basket on his arm. It was half-full of the stumps of cigars and cigarettes which he had picked up from the gutters, and he was adding to his stock momentarily from the same source.

"What do you do with these, my boy?" inquired one of the young men.

"Sell 'em. Cigaretta factory. Ten cents a quart," replied the lad.

"Do you believe in doing anything to encourage that sort of industry?" asked the friend of his companion.

"On my honor, no!" answered the cigarette smoker.

He took a box of the "coffin nails" from his pocket, deliberately tore them to fragments, threw them away, and never smoked another.

THE RED MAN AND HELPER

PUBLISHED WEEKLY IN THE
INTERESTS OF THE RISING INDIANThe Mechanical Work on this Paper is
Done by Indian Apprentices.TERMS: TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A YEAR
IN ADVANCE

Address all Correspondence:

Miss M. Burgess, Supt. of Printing,
Carlisle, Pa.Entered in the Post Office at Carlisle, Pa., as
Second-class matter.Do not hesitate to take this paper from the
Post-Office, for if you have not paid for it
some one else hasSUPERINTENDENT McCOWAN OF THE
PHOENIX SCHOOL VS. HIMSELF.

"At that time it was the plan of the government to send school officers and other agents to the reservations and capture Indian children of school age, and take them from their places, called home, to schools far away, and in an entirely different latitude and altitude, and many of them died in becoming acclimated. This fact made such schools unpopular; and the Indian parent could not be censured for objecting to the sending of his child away when there was a probability that he would never see it again: hence, the humane reason.

It was more economical because of the great expense in transportation, and it was more suitable or fitting because of the fact that fully ninety per cent of the educated Indian boys and girls must return to the farm to earn their living and, to train a boy or girl to manage a farm successfully in Nebraska or Pennsylvania is no assurance that they could successfully manage a farm in the Salt River Valley, for the conditions are entirely different; that is, HOW and WHEN to plant, cultivate and irrigate are conditions not similar."—[Superintendent McCowan in the Native American (his paper) January 19, 1901.

(Our complete refutation of all the above hurtful allegations is in the RED MAN AND HELPER of February 1, 1901.)

"No man or woman living can truthfully say they have heard me say one word in adverse criticism of Carlisle or any other Indian school."—[Superintendent McCowan in the Native American (his paper) February 23, 1901.

It will be noted that the first remarks were made more than four weeks prior to the second remarks. And there are others.

In connection with the article in this issue of THE RED MAN on the cultivating, enlarging, and utilizing of Indian handiwork, and in view of the attacks made on the Carlisle school, and the views of its superintendent, by Supt. McCowan of the Phoenix school, whose insidious methods may be understood by the above extracts from his paper; and also because of the false assertions against the system of sending Indian youth away from the tribe for education it seems best to reiterate some of our views on Indian schools.

We have never praised the western schools and home schools, either day or boarding, because all our experience and observation as well as what seems to us common sense on the subject, indicates that the sole use of Indian schools anywhere will never accomplish what is necessary for the Indian race in the way of making them capable to compete with the white race, as individuals and citizens. It is on record repeatedly in our speeches and writings that we always persistently urged that all Indian youths should be placed in the schools of the country and all purely Indian schools be wound up as soon as possible; that this is the great thing to be done for the Indian race, and the winding up of the Carlisle school under such conditions we

would esteem our greatest achievement; that all Indian schools everywhere say to the Indians:

"You are different. You are not equal and can't be made equal to the white race. In order to live in this country you will have to be kept in separate masses, cared for and supervised by the white race;" that all Indian reservations and management say the same.

Having had these views from the beginning, and they having grown stronger through all our long experience, it would be inconsistent for us to endorse agency schools of any sort, or schools near the Indians, which merely take the Indians into school and try to educate them in some industry as well as in literary attainments, but hold them entirely separate from all competition with the masses of our people. Holding these views it would be impossible for us to commend any system of massing the Indians in schools which hinder them from going out from the tribes into association and competition with our other people. When people thus engaged try to deceive all concerned by alleging that remote schools give wrong education and that it is unhealthy and dangerous for children to go away from their particular climate, and when they are continually hoodwinking the parents of the children by telling them that in placing them in the near-by schools they can see their children often and the children can be allowed to go home often, we are compelled to remark.

The tribes are to stay or go, and schools are the most potent factors for giving equal ability to and distributing and merging the Indians into the body politic, or continuing them in tribal masses, under endless and expensive supervision.

We have often called attention to the failure of home schools to plant or grow individuality or any desire for American citizenship, as in the case of the Five Civilized Tribes in the Indian Territory, the Indians in New York State, the Indians in Maine, the Indians in North Carolina, in Michigan, Wisconsin, and other places where home schools have been working upon the tribes for several generations.

Our experience tells us that properly managed, Indian education ought at the very least to so equip the present generation that the next generation would pass entirely from under any need of agency or special Indian school supervision. When it can be done, it ought to be done. We say all these things without in any way intending to impugn the motives, zeal or ability of those working on contrary lines. If our experiences were as limited as theirs and confined as exclusively to the tribal school system or even to the training school system near the agencies, it is possible our views might be somewhat modified and similar to theirs.

If the home school educators had had our experiences, we feel sure their views would be the same as ours.

FOSTERING NATIVE CRAFTS.

GETTYSBURG, PA., April 2, 1901.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE RED MAN AND HELPER.

I enclose a clipping from the New York Tribune on "Fostering Native Crafts" and would be glad to have it published in your paper. It may interest some of the young men just graduated and suggest a revival of basket making. Baskets are always needed and are always salable, and beginning in a small way with business ability and patience, the work might grow to large size and yield good profits. Yours Cordially,

A. G. MCPHERSON, (Mrs. Edward.)

The Clipping.

"Two ways to help the Indians" and "Some Indians of South Dakota" were the topics of two papers of timely interest which were read at the meeting of the New York City Indian Association in the Broadway Tabernacle yesterday morning. The former, written by Mrs. F. N. Doubleday and read by Mrs. D. S. Pillsbury, discussed the past and future possibilities of the native Indian handicrafts.

"Americans," said Mrs. Doubleday, "send hundreds of thousands of dollars yearly to Germany for hampers, scrap baskets, clothes baskets, market baskets, work baskets, fruit, flower, luncheon and candy baskets—money which by every

right should be earned by our needy, capable American Indians. What power to uplift them lies in the earning of such a sum through one congenial industry alone! Every woman's exchange should have a place devoted to the industries of Indian women, which in no way suffer by comparison with the work of their white sisters.

All the Industries Not Lost.

"Happily all the Indian industries are not hopelessly deteriorated or lost. The Thlinkits and Navajos still make blankets, however awful are those made by the Navajos of Germantown wool colored with aniline dyes. An old Navajo rug, made of the fine, soft wool grown on the tribes own sheep, sheared, carded and colored with vegetable dyes in the Indian's home and woven so compactly that it was rain proof, is known to-day only to the collector, who gladly gives \$100 for it, while the modern rug is worth scarcely five dollars. Even the Shah of Persia forbids the use of aniline dyes, because he foresees that it would ruin the rug making industry, upon which so many of his people depend. Surely the commercial as well as the artistic wisdom of returning to these native methods could be demonstrated to the Navajos. There is no reason why our native weavers should be wholly supplanted by Orientals.

"Jars made by the Pueblos are the most decorative jardiniers for palms and other house plants, and afford unspeakable relief after the cheap, highly glazed wares that are seen in the stores ad nauseam. We need more Indian handiwork in our conventional, inartistic houses.

Possibilities of Bead Work.

"Several tribes do bead work, not comparable with the wonderful wampum embroidery on ancient pieces, perhaps, but still excellent, beautiful, unique. Every friend of the Indian will rejoice to hear that the president of the Indian Industries League has just secured an order to the value of \$700 from a Boston shoe house for moccasins made by the Arapahoes and Cheyennes on a new model which will fit white feet. Bead purses in jet and cut steel, bead belts, bead bonnets and passementerie for the woman of fashion the Indian might make as well as the French woman. But of all uses bead work lends itself best to ecclesiastical work, for communion table cloths, stoles, bookmarks and other altar furnishings. Certain remarkably beautiful pieces already produced as labors of love by a poor Indian convert for an Episcopal mission chapel indicate a new line of development for the bead work industry. It is certainly as applicable to church uses as silk embroidery or stained glass.

"Their greatest industry of all, basketry, is the most expressive vehicle of their individuality, their most varied and interesting handicraft, and the most adaptable to white peoples' needs. Yet the Alaskan Indians, who make some of the finest and most beautiful baskets in the world, are starving at this very time. Properly managed by their white friends, this industry alone should be a source of comfortable income to the Indians. The Pimas in Arizona on their reservation, arid and unproductive since the white man cut off their water supply, utilize the scanty products to make a remarkably strong and decorative basket. The Mokis use the yucca for their unique, coiled basketry. Only one old woman in Louisiana is now making the marvelous double weave basket for which the Choctaws were famous. In Oregon only two Indian women are making baskets. Only three old women of the once famous weavers of the Digger Indians remain."

We have noted that for some time this subject has had much attention from the philanthropic friends of the Indian, and have read a number of interesting articles put out by them. We have not republished or endorsed the plans for reasons that seem to us most material.

Fostering native industries means additional reason for continuing in native and tribal conditions. To our mind, schemes and plans operating to do this are not in the best interests of the Indians. Tribal relations are detrimental to the progress of the individual. Every encouragement to learn the industries of civilization and to acquire equal knowledge and the courage to move out individually should be given, so that the Indian man may not continue to be special and limited, and so take the time and energies of the white man to look after him. The Indian needs to be taught those things that will bring him permanent returns and of which he can not be deprived.

We have been a patron of and encouraged Indian industries for a good many years. Our investments in Navajo blankets has amounted to hundreds of dollars.

At one time we paid seventy-five dollars for one blanket, and we have paid twenty-five dollars for one Indian basket. A knowledge of the labor and skill expended on these articles made these prices seem reasonable at the time we purchased them.

The real element in the way of success of these special industries is that which rules in all our commercial affairs. "Business is business." At one time the Navajos made very wonderful blankets and received extraordinary prices for them. Among any of the Indian tribes of the southwest thirty years ago a good Navajo blanket brought a good horse or sixty to eighty dollars in money. Then the Navajo women took the wool from the sheep, cleansed it, spun and colored it and wove the blankets in their rude native way. We have seen blankets so tightly woven that being held up by the corners and water poured into them, but very little would pass through. The extraordinary prices tempted business and soon the traders procured coloring material for them, and then the wool all spun and colored was imported from Germantown, and finally Navajo blankets were manufactured in places remote from Navajo Indians by machinery and by other than Navajos. So we were compelled to conclude that it would be useless to undertake to build up a special industry of this kind among the Navajos; not that we would not be glad to see the Navajos continue the industry and gain from it if possible not only a living, but a competency.

Twenty-three years ago we visited Niagara Falls for the first time. Being interested in Indians, as we passed around the town we were glad to see such a large quantity of Indian curios on sale at the stores. On talking with the merchants we gained the impression that it was a great industry, producing considerable revenue for the Indians, and felt pleased not only with this fact but also that there was exceptional neatness and regularity in all that we saw. In the course of our examination we ran across a couple of Indian boys on the street who could speak English. We asked them about their people and where they lived, and then remarked: "Your people must receive a large revenue from the manufacture of these Indian things on sale here in the stores," which amused the boys.

They said: "Our people do not make these things, nor do Indians anywhere make them. They are made by white women over in Canada and some are made in Wales. Our people have not made these things for quite a good many years. The white people made them so cheap we had to quit."

We asked them how their people obtained a living, and were told they farmed and raised fruit. We asked if they raised much fruit and were told, they did raise a great deal. That there was one Indian man who had raised that year over a thousand barrels of apples. We then again saw that modern business resources would be at war with any special paying industry that Indians might engage in, and the better way was for them to learn the regular industries of the whites and take a place among the whites as producers of ordinary supplies.

It is a well known fact that the fad for old furniture and high prices for the same has led to the manufacture of old furniture. If any considerable market for Indian baskets could be found, some white man or white men would establish a factory, use machinery and get white people to manufacture and sell them as Indian made.

White people would manage the basket business, the blanket business, the pottery business, the curio business—for the Indians. The temptation to make money leads to imitation and deception, and surely drives the Indians out of business.

Not wishing to endorse any movement that would in any way foster Indianism and hinder the breaking up of the tribe and the development of the individual into an able man and citizen, we cannot endorse the native industry schemes as hopeful of material and prolonged results.

Man-on-the-band-stand's Corner.

Arbutus!

Blustery on Sunday for the new Easter hats!

Mrs. Bennett has returned from Bucks County.

The Athletic cage has been painted the regulation gray.

Miss McArthur has been in Washington for a day or two.

The Spring message to the storm door has been "Come off."

Joseph LaChapelle, has gone to his home in Minnesota.

Master Richard Pratt has returned to his home in Steelton.

There was snow on the mountains as late as the 5th of April.

Miss Newcomer spent Easter with friends at Shippensburg.

April weather thus far this month has been more Marchy than Aprilly.

Sarah Pierre is enjoying her new piano. She has it in her cosey room in the hospital.

Mr. Walters has more pressing engagements than anyone around here, because he is a tailor.

The Spring weather is thinning out our hospital ranks. There are but few on the disabled list.

We hope that our baseball twirlers will be keyed up to the proper pitch today and tomorrow.

The student body has had the benefit of several earnest and forceful talks from Colonel Pratt, this week.

Miss Peter entertained last Thursday night in honor of her sister, Miss Eunice, who has since gone to her home in Chicago.

Mr. Gardner and his boys are cutting down some of the old and ugly land marks to make room for the younger members of the tree tribe.

The student body is perceptibly thin in ranks since the last two big parties left for country homes, and yet we have enough left on the grounds for a big school—538.

The weather last Saturday was anything but "all bright." Hence no game with the College team from Myers-town and it is the fourth time the rain has interfered with playing them.

Four big farm horses have just been purchased for the new school farm and one for the near farm. The average weight of these horses is nearly 1400 pounds. Two of them are dark iron gray, two gray, one brown.

We are sorry to learn of the death of Representative Cotter, of the State Legislature, Harrisburg. He visited the school on the Commencement occasion, and all remember his excellent speech in favor of the work being done at Carlisle.

Two exciting games of basket ball were played last Thursday night between the Juniors and Seniors and Sophomores and Freshmen. The former played first and the Seniors scored two points to their opponents naught. In the other game neither side scored.

The Easter service on Sunday afternoon was appropriate and pleasing. Miss Moore played a beautiful Voluntary, the choir sang well, Miss Richenda Pratt sang in excellent voice, Holden's Resurrection, and the sermon by Rev. Diffenderfer was in keeping with the occasion. The floral decorations on the platform were very fine, there having been handsome contributions from most of the teachers.

John sometimes is disgusted, cause sister can't be trusted, to faithfully perform what she is told to do; but John must not forget, that he was once the pet, and once in while threw mamma dear in quite an anxious stew, but now he is much older, and willingly helps shoulder the cares and anxious moments when sister makes mistakes, and he'll be her protector, and never will neglect her, even if she many, many a little error makes.

This is Arbor Day and a holiday.

The Band plays in Lancaster tomorrow evening.

Mr. Charles Maxfield of Milroy, Pa., was a guest of Professor Bakeless on Tuesday.

"Are you Lonesome?" first page, is the way a young person of pluck manages to pull through and succeed.

Students are now at work on essays for the Indian School exhibit at Detroit. Very little work is asked for.

A very pleasant notice of Colonel Pratt's visit to Huntsville, Alabama, appears in the Daily Mercury, of that city

Mr. John Lindner kindly presented the Normal Room with a beautiful framed picture of a hen and her little family of chicks.

The number of pupils in the various rooms is gradually decreasing, owing to the Spring outing, but the work goes on as earnestly as ever.

To-night Mr. Miller and Mr. Odell visit the Invincibles; Miss Miles and Miss Peter the Standards and Miss Paul and Miss Robertson the Susans.

An Easter visitor arrived in the Normal room on Monday. A beautiful moth came out of its cocoon where it has been sleeping all winter. The children were delighted.

The Class of 1901 wrote a composite article for the columns of one of the Normal School publications of this State. It was an exercise in connection with their rhetoric work.

In one of the letters transmitting answers to the Indian Tribe prize puzzle a person from Baltimore says, "Carlisle Indians were FINE on Inauguration Day."—Officer, 5th Md. Regiment.

Master Hobart Cook has returned to his school at Bustleton, near Philadelphia. Hobart is getting to be quite a little printer, he having spent a part of each day of his vacation in the printing-office.

Estelle Mishler, class 1901, has written to friends that she arrived safely at home, Spring Brook, Wisconsin. Her home people were very glad to see her, and she was glad to get there after so long a journey.

The Senior and Junior classes are well started. The Juniors from the country are doing well and, if they continue as earnestly as they have begun, will make, with a few exceptions, their class standing by June.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, Mr. Odell gave a talk before the school on "Canada as a British Possession." Last week Professor Bakeless discussed the great English literary and scientific lights of the century.

One of the students in reading the copy for the proof-reader on the "Sense of Ownership," last page, spoke out at the close, in these words: "That is very true," showing that her eyes are fully opened to things as they exist.

It might have a wholesome effect if the Chinese custom of committing suicide in the failure to pay debts were in vogue in this country. Our friends might then not be so ready to borrow a dollar and forget to pay it back. This custom is alluded to in Arthur Bonnicastle's letter first page.

The Indian Tribe Prize Puzzle has created quite an interest, and the game has been played with pleasure. The name of the winner of the prize will be given next week along with the answers. We keep the offer open until the last moment before going to press on Thursday evening, hence cannot in fairness give the answers this week.

We learn through a private letter that Assistant-Superintendent Campbell of the Chemawa, Oregon, school has recently moved into the cottage usually occupied by the Superintendent, Superintendent Potter retaining two or three rooms. Miss Irene is the little housekeeper, and takes great pleasure in managing home affairs. The family are enjoying life at Chemawa. The boys, Masters Donald and Herbert are still attending College.

An Interesting Book by an Indian.

"The Middle Five" is a bright little story of Indian Boys at School, and written by an Indian, one of the Five. Its author, Francis La Flesche, has been known to the editor of the Redman ever since he was a schoolboy. Mr. La Flesche has been holding a responsible position in the Indian Office, Washington, D. C. for several years. He is an Omaha Indian, and the purpose of his story is to reveal the true nature and character of the Indian boy. All the boys who appear in the story really lived.

The colored illustration as a frontispiece is from a painting by Angel De-Cora, an Indian who is fast making an enviable reputation for herself as an artist. The cover of the book is unique, showing prairie tepees in the foreground. The publishers price of the book is \$1.25. We will sell it for \$1.00. By mail \$1.08.

The Band Music Appreciated.

The Carlisle Evening Volunteer has this to say of the playing of the Band in the funeral procession of the late Samuel Baker, National Guards Pennsylvania, last Thursday:

The Indian Band demonstrated this morning that it is fully capable to play funeral music as well as concert selections. Under its matchless new leader, Lieut. Joel B. Ettinger, it shows wonderful improvements and the impressive style in which "The Heroes of the Maine" was rendered as the dirge for today's funeral would be difficult indeed to excel. Mr. Ettinger is the personification of grace in his directing and has the organization under perfect control.

Best Place After All.

Joseph Schildt, who left us rather unceremoniously some time ago, enlisted in the Marine Corps. He has been to China and the Philippine Islands, and was surveyed in each place, (that is medically examined.) He is now at the Naval Hospital, Mare Island, California, and writes that he is to be discharged on account of poor health. He says he is feeling pretty well and wants to finish his education. He is sorry that he left as he did, for "I have found out Carlisle is the best place after all. I don't mean as a home, but as a foundation. While I was at Carlisle I did not understand the good it was doing for me."

Easter Sunday School Service.

Our Sunday School had a very good Easter program in Assembly Hall, which was prettily decorated with potted plants of different kinds, under Superintendent Miss Cutter's directions.

After the prayer, the verses read were from the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians. Easter hymns by the pupils, an anthem by the choir, and a piano solo by Ida Wheelock were enjoyed by all.

A lesson on the resurrection from nature was given by Lillian St. Cyr, Mary Bruce and Katie Creager. Inez King gave with good expression, a poem appropriate to the occasion. A. M.

Invincible Officers.

The following new officers have been elected by the Invincible Debating Society:

President, Arthur Sickles;
Vice-President, Joel Cornelius;
Secretary, Thomas M. Walker;
Treasurer, Joseph Trempe;
Reporter, Horton Elm;
Sergeant-at-arms, Wilson Charles;
Critic, Lum Chesaw;
Assistant Critic, Vaughn Washburn.

Antonio Tapia, who graduated with class 1901, writes to his friend Paul Segui, that on his way to his home at Pojuaque, New Mexico, he stopped at Santa Fe for a few days, but now he is at home and down to work trimming his trees and fixing up the orchard. It has been warm and cold both, and the night before he wrote there was snow. "My sister keeps house for me, and I may stay this summer and work on my own place."

Athletics.

The base-ball game between Albright College and the Indians which was to have been played last Saturday was postponed and the game will be played today (Friday) on our field. Game will be called at 3 P. M. and as this is the opening game of the season, adm'ssion will be free to every one.

Tomorrow our team will go to Philadelphia and will play the University of Pennsylvania in the opening game at Franklin field. The Pennsylvania team has played several games already and will have the advantage of experience and home grounds, but our team should give them a hard tussle.

State College will play on our field next Thursday and this should be an interesting game; 25 cents admission.

Mr. H. L. Taylor, a prominent young lawyer of Buffalo, will be here next week to help Mr. Warner coach the baseball boys. Mr. Taylor after leaving College played on the National league teams of Louisville and Baltimore for several years, and probably knows as much about baseball as any man in the country.

A training table for the baseball team and some of the track team will probably be started next week.

The track candidates are making improvement, but the cold weather and rain has made it rather disagreeable training. We have no stars this year, and every one has a chance by hard work to secure a place on the team.

After time trials next Monday the six or seven most promising relay runners will be put at the training table.

Hawley Pierce and Mr. Warner were having a contest in putting the 16 pound shot last Monday and had reached their limit when Kelly Lay came along and beat their best mark by about a foot on his first trial. The distance was 35 ft., a remarkable performance for a beginner.

Base ball Schedule for the Season.

April 12,	Albright at Carlisle.
" 13,	University of Pennsylvania, at Phila.
" 18,	State College, at Carlisle.
" 20,	Dickinson, on Dickinson Field.
" 27,	Mercersburg, at Mercersburg.
May 1,	Lebanon Valley College, at Carlisle.
" 4,	Columbia, at New York City.
" 8,	Gettysburg, at Carlisle.
" 11,	Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
" 15,	Susquehanna, at Carlisle.
" 18,	Mercersburg, at Carlisle.
" 23,	Washington & Jefferson, at Carlisle.
" 30,	Dickinson on our Field.
June 1,	Albright, at Myerstown.
" 5,	Princeton, at Princeton.
" 6,	Fordham, at New York.
" 8,	Cornell, at Buffalo.
" 12,	Yale, at New Haven.
" 15,	Harvard, at Cambridge.
" 19,	Bucknell, at Lewisburg.
" 20,	Bloomsburg Normal at Bloomsburg.
" 21,	Bloomsburg Normal at Carlisle.

Standard Officers.

The following are the new officers for the Standard Debating Society:

President, Samuel Miller;
Vice President, George Pradt;
Recording Secretary, Adam Johnson;
Corresponding Secretary, Allen Black-chief;
Critic, Nelson Hare;
Assistant Critic, John Miller;
Editor, Healy Wolfe;
Treasurer, Walter Mathews;
Sergeant-at-arms, Bert Jacquez;
Manager of Music, John Kimble.

California boys and girls have things to brag upon that we Pennsylvanians cannot touch. Think of such big trees as are described in the Wawona Valley article last page.

The Puget Sound Indian Guide is a new paper that has found its way to our desk. It is neat and newsy, and published by the Puyallup Training School, Tacoma, Washington.

THE SENSE OF OWNERSHIP.

There is no more direct route to the understanding of the value of property than that which comes from a sense of ownership. We read with greater care and interest, the book which we have bought with money earned by us. We have, as a rule, a somewhat lessened interest in the one we have borrowed and we would care still less for the opportunity to go to a pile of Government books and use as we choose, throwing back the half-worn ones into the common pile. People do not read the public documents issued after months or years of careful and intelligent preparation, simply because they cost nothing.

In the Indian Schools there is no more important task than the education of pupils to an understanding of the value and care of property.

There have been schools where the reverse was taught; where, on bathing day, the child went to the common closet and took the clothing which seemed nearest his size and was in best condition, leaving his neighbor to likewise take the best that was left. Pupils sometimes have no clothing marked for them; own no clothing, have no place of their own at table, no beds of their own and no rooms of their own to enjoy—and to keep clean.

An ideal condition for this form of education would be where the pupil must do the work of keeping himself, his clothing and his premises clean, or where he can easily see that the work for him which can be better done by others is paid for by him with other effort of his own. Any arrangement of duties and responsibilities which tends toward this condition is a step in the desired direction.

In how many schools do the girls mend their own clothing?

There are some places where they do: are there still places where they do not? Care of clothing can only be taught by imposing the penalties for carelessness which the good mother imposes in the good home in whatever state of society. Many dresses are torn because the dress does not belong to the girl who wears it, or because the chances are that some other girl will have to mend it.

Lectures will not teach the care of property.

Punishment, corporal or capital will not do it.

There is no way but Nature's way and that is that the pupil should, as nearly as possible, earn what he gets and repair the damage resulting from his own carelessness or accidents.—[The Oglala Light.

WAWONA VALLEY AND BIG TREE.

"Wawona" in the Indian dialect, means big, prodigious, grand.

This name has been given to one of the grandest and loveliest of valleys in the great "Sierras."

Its bald granite domes and massive walls, over which cataracts dash and tumble to the blue depths below, tower 3,000 feet above the valley.

The Merced group of mountains, the source of the Merced river, whose snow-capped peaks pierce the clouds, are a fitting background to the "Forest Giants" of the Mariposa grove at the base.

Wawona is the last resting place before entering the portals of the great Yosemite.

Only a few miles distant is one of Nature's grandest wonders, the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, and the ride of all rides is the one leading to these trees.

On the way one can branch off and visit the beautiful Chilgualna Falls, a spot as picturesque as romantic.

These falls are remarkable for their beauty. Instead of falling a sheer height, the great volume of water dashes from rock to rock, o'er leaps boulders, plunges under, over, behind and before great obstacles of the centuries.

As you approach the grove you cannot fail to be impressed with the increasing size of the trees.

They are growing larger, there are more of these forest giants on either side, and

as you ride along you will be struck with the gain in girth and the reach in height that succeeds one wonder after another.

Four hundred and twenty-seven of these trees stand together towering nearly to the height of three hundred feet, and each measuring from twenty to thirty feet in circumference.

It is only by comparison that one can understand how far the Sequoia surpasses in magnitude the works of man.

The highest structure in the United States would be entirely lost to distant view if set down among these trees.

On the stage road through the Mariposa grove is the tree Wawona, bored and burned to provide an aperture ten by twelve feet, and yet there remains on each side a wall of wood ten feet thick to provide a support for the still living tree. Through this opening are driven the loaded stage coaches.

—[The Pacific Monthly.

TRIP ACROSS THE MOUNTAINS.

It was my pleasure while being in the Band last summer to take a trip across the mountains.

We started from Carlisle early in the morning. It took six wagons from town to take us over. We were going to play for some kind of soldiers doings. We had to walk most of the way as it was up hill, and I tell you we did have fun that day.

Some of us got there before the rest, and we didn't know whether the rest would come or not, so we got our dinner, and by that time the rest had come, and the horses looked as if they wouldn't live to get back.

On our way over we were singing and howling as boys will, and we got there so late that we couldn't carry out our full program, and we played around the street till about five or six o'clock, and then we started back.

I tell you it was exciting times all the way back.

It soon got dark, and perhaps you know how it feels to ride over mountains in the dark. I stood in the door of the buss so as to be ready to jump at any moment.

In some places the wagon ran on three wheels only.

In one place we met a man with a horse and wagon, and he went to turn out of the road and ran into a ditch.

His buggy was upset and the horse fell down and some of the boys not knowing the ditch was there, jumped clear into the ditch.

Then there was some struggling, and after passing that man and wagon, we came to another large hill, and in descending the hill the driver let the horses go pretty fast, and just before reaching the bottom the wagon nearly upset by something. Most everybody jumped out, I don't know how, because there were side pieces all around the wagon, and a cover on the top, but nevertheless the wagon was empty in less than a minute.

We got back here about eight o'clock and then we had our supper.

The next day I was lame all over from riding over those rough roads. Sometimes we would bound from one side of the wagon to the other side. I would advise you to walk over the mountains if you don't want to be bruised all over.

SAMUEL BRUSHEL.

GIANT INDIANS.

Physically, the Onas of Terra del Fuego, are giants, says Dr. Frederick A. Cook in his article on the Indians of that section, which appeared in the Century Magazine.

They are not, however, seven or eight feet in height, he says, as the early explorers reported their neighbors and nearest relatives, the Patagonians, to be. Their average height is close to six feet, a few attain six feet and six inches and a few are under six feet.

The women are not so tall, but they are more corpulent.

There is perhaps no race in the world with a more perfect physical development than the Ona men.

This unique development is partly due

to the topography of their country and to distribution of game, which makes long marches constantly necessary.

The Ona men are certainly the greatest cross-country runners on the American continent.

The mental equipment of the Ona is by no means equal to his splendid physical development. He understands very well the few arts of the chase which he finds necessary to maintain a food supply. His game in the past has been easily gotten; his needs have been few, which fact accounts for the lack of inventive skill portrayed in the instruments of the chase.

The home life, the house, the clothing—everything portrays this lack of progressive skill. Instead of the children being well dressed and well cared for, as is the rule among savage races they are mostly naked, poorly fed, badly trained and altogether neglected, not because of a lack of paternal love, but because of the mental lethargy of the people.

It is the same as to shelter and garments. They have abundant material to make good tents and warm storm-proof houses; but they simply bunch up a few skins, and then shiver, complaining of their miserable existence.

What she Needed, but what our Busy

Indian Girls Know Nothing About.

This from the Household shows up a white girl's trials that our Indian girls may well smile at:

"I don't know what to do about my daughter Lucy," said a perplexed mother, who had come to an outspoken but kindly old physician for advice. "She seems so listless, and does not seem to have any interest in life, and she's so irritable at times. I don't think she has exercise enough, and I want to know what you think about my sending her to a gymnasium or to dancing school. She's tired of her bicycle, and the lawn-tennis season is past. What would you advise?"

"How old is she?" asked the doctor.

"Nearly nineteen."

"Can she cook?"

"Oh, no; she knows nothing about cooking."

"Can she sweep?"

"No; the maid does all the sweeping."

"Does she take care of her own room, and make her own bed?"

"No, I do that. Her room is next to mine, and I have always attended to that."

"Does she have any part whatever in the household duties?"

"No; I cannot say that she has."

"No duties, no responsibilities, no sense of obligation, no part in the work to be done in every household?"

"Well, no."

"Then, madam," said the doctor, frankly, "your daughter has no need of a gymnasium in which to expend her pent-up energies. I don't wonder that she is irritable and unhappy."

"What would you advise?" asked the mother, weakly.

"I would advise you to make her feel that she has a part and place in your home life; that its duties must be borne by all of the members of the family in common, and that she must do her part toward contributing to the general comfort of the home. A girl of her age, with no home duties, no responsibilities, no interest in her home, needs more than a gymnasium or a dancing-school to make her healthful and happy."

Sixty Cents Plus Brains.

Millet bought a yard of common canvas for one franc (twenty cents); he paid two francs for a brush and some colors.

Upon this canvas he set his genius to work and produced "The Angelus."

His brain worked, and you see the result.

His brain took sixty cents worth of raw material and raised it in value to the sum of \$105,000.

That is what his picture, "The Angelus," sold for.—Exchange.

Indian Boys Have not yet Reached this Stage of Smartness.

It was in a school in Boston.

The class in Grammar had been studying that two negatives make an affirmative.

About that time one in the class asked to go out.

"No," said the teacher.

In a few moments he asked again.

"No," again replied the teacher.

Then the boy got up and started for the door.

"Go, back to your seat, sir."

"Excuse me, sir. But I thought two negatives make an affirmative and I took your two No's for a Yes."

Down in Texas another smart boy lived.

The class was parsing a sentence.

"What is the imperative of the verb to go?" was asked of the boy.

"I don't know."

"GO!" shouted the teacher.

"Thank you, sir," replied the boy and he was a quarter of a mile down the road before the teacher could catch his breath.

OF A LIGHTER VEIN.

"Your office is as hot as an oven," said a caller.

"Well, said the clerk, here is where I make my daily bread, you know."

"Now, Edward, the best portions of the fowl are for the guests; so what are you going to say when I ask you what you will have?"

"Just a few of the feathers, please."

First Boy.—"Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots."

Second Boy.—"He's nothin' to what your father is. Him a dentist, and your baby only got one tooth."

"How do you pronounce 's-t-i-n-g-y'?" asked the teacher of the dunce of the class.

The boy replied, "It depends a good deal on whether the word refers to a person or a bee."

"Ma, we ain't got com'ny, 'ave we?"

"No, Tommie."

"Well, what makes you stick your little finger out when you drink tea?"

MRS. JONES.—"Don't trouble yourself to see me to the door, Mrs. Smith."

MRS. SMITH.—"No trouble. Quite a pleasure, I assure you."

Enigma.

I am made of 14 letters.

In my 8, 11, 5 coal is shipped.

A joke in words is my 14, 13, 3.

My 7, 2, 1 is an important member of the human body.

My 9, 16, 6, 12 is not fat.

My 14, 4, 3, is thought by some to be mightier than the sword.

My whole is a great general who visits us nearly every Spring and is here now.

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